

**FIVE SONGS FROM CATALUNYA**  
*for SATB choir, unaccompanied*

These songs were originally composed with texts in Catalan. They were written for a concert in June 2006 that celebrated ten years of the Centre d'Art I Natura at Farrera de Pallars in Catalunya. These English versions of the traditional Catalan texts may be sung in any selection or order, or used as individual songs.

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THE STORM COCK (MISTLE THRUSH)

By the sparkling mountain stream  
Sings the storm cock,  
Sings the storm cock,  
By the sparkling mountain stream  
Sings the storm cock, song thrush and hen.

The apple tree had apples three  
Only one hanging there,  
Only one hanging there,  
The apple tree had apples three  
Only one hanging there still on the tree.

By the sparkling mountain stream  
Pecking the apple,  
Pecking the apple,  
By the sparkling mountain stream  
Pecking the apple, the thrush and the hen.

And the storm cock sang like this:  
The other two apples,  
The other two apples,  
And the storm cock sang like this:  
The other apples are both for me!

HENNY PENNY

My fat red hen  
Henny Penny  
Henny Penny  
Henny Penny  
Henny Penny  
Lays ten eggs  
Every week:  
She lays one,  
She lays two,  
She lays three,

She lays four,  
She lays five,  
She lays six,  
She lays seven;  
One, two, three,  
Four, five, six,  
She lays seven,  
She lays eight,  
She lays nine,  
She lays ten;  
And the broody hen says to her,  
Keep it under your hat.  
My fine red  
Henny Penny.

### THE MONTH OF MAY

Now its here, the month of May,  
Gift of spring,  
Gift of spring.

Showers and sun bring out the flowers,  
Buttercups, iris, roses and bluebells,  
Buttercups, iris, roses and bluebells.

Buds have opened on the trees,  
The leaves are green and white the blossom,  
The leaves are green and white the blossom.

Deep in the woods the nightingale,  
Far above, the song of the skylark,  
Far above, the song of the skylark.

No! no spring time here within my heart,  
Night and day are full of yearning,  
Night and day are full of yearning.

I am bound by golden chains,  
That hold my heart a helpless captive,  
That hold my heart a helpless captive.

Golden chains, the chains of love,  
That only a kiss can break apart,  
That only a kiss can break apart.

Now its here, the month of May,  
Gift of spring time,  
Gift of spring time.

Golden chains, the chains of love,  
That only a kiss can break apart,  
Golden chains, the chains of love.

#### LULLABY: SLEEP AND DREAM

*Traditional English nursery song*

Hushaby baby, your cradle is green,  
Your father's a nobleman, mother's a queen,  
Betty's a lady and wears a gold ring  
And Johnny's a drummer and drums for the king.

Birds are flying away to rest,  
So quiet and safe in their feathery nest,  
Baby lie down in your own warm bed,  
The pillow is soft beneath your head.

Come my poppet, my sweet little one,  
Now say good night to the big red sun,  
It will come back when the darkness has gone  
And my poppet too will wake with the dawn.

Hushaby baby, sleep and dream,  
Your father's a nobleman, mother's a queen,  
Betty's a lady and wears a gold ring,  
So hushaby baby, sleep little baby,  
Sleep and dream.

#### THE MOON IN THE CLEAR BLUE SKY

If you keep following me,  
Then I shall lead you on,  
And I'll become the moonshine,  
A moon in the clear blue sky.

If you become the moonshine  
A moon in the clear blue sky,  
Then I'll become a raincloud  
And you will be wrapped around.

If you become a raincloud,  
And I'll be wrapped around,  
Then I'll become the shoreline,  
The shore of the clear blue sea.

If you become the shoreline,  
Shore of the clear blue sea,  
Then I'll become the breaking waves,  
And you'll be covered in kisses.

If you become the breaking waves,  
To cover me with your kisses,  
Then I'll become an eel,  
A wriggling eel from the deep blue sea.

If you become an eel, a wriggling eel  
Then I'll become a fisherman,  
And you will be my catch.

If you become a fisherman,  
So I will be caught,  
Then I'll become a rabbit,  
A rabbit in pastures green.

If you become a rabbit,  
A rabbit in pastures green,  
Then I will become a huntsman,  
And you will be my prey.

If you become a huntsman  
So I will be your prey,  
Then I'll become a rose,  
Bloom of a wild rose bush,  
Bloom of a wild rose.

If you become a rose,  
Bloom of a wild rose,  
Then I'll become a humming bee  
And I'll come to suck your honey.

If you keep following me,  
Then I shall lead you on,  
And I'll become the moonshine,  
A moon in the clear blue sky.  
The moonshine,  
A moon in the blue sky.